

THRILLING TALES OF HORROR & SUSPENSE

MAY 1952

DARK MYSTERIES

NO. 6

HAVE NO FEAR, DEAR,
IT WON'T HURT. YOUR
TIME HAS COME... SEE
IT FITS... NOW!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T
BE! THAT NOOSE HAS
MY NAME ON IT... YOU
ARE... DEATH!

IF THE NOOSE FITS
WEAR IT! AND OTHER STORIES

TALES OF
HORROR AND
SUSPENSE.

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EERIE ADVENTURES

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F.D.O.
JONESHAW

IF THE NOOSE FITS
WEAR IT! AND OTHER STORIES.

TALES OF
HORROR AND
SUSPENSE.

pecialist Says: Where It Shows Most

WEIGHT REDUCE

MOST ANY PART OF THE BODY WITH

ELCTRIC Spot Reducer

Spot Reducer

PLUG IN
GRASP
HANDLE
AND
APPLY



Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

UNDERWRITERS
LABORATORY
APPROVED



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage and spot REDUCER with or without electricity—also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

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Without Risking
HEALTH

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LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

USED BY EXPERTS

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Address

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LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

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MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

CURSE of the PRAIRIE GHOST!

IT'S THE GIRL - DORLA...
BUT SHE - SHE'S DEAD.

OUR CARAVAN - SHE'S BRINGING
IT BACK TO US... BUT IT
CAN'T BE!

THANK GOD,
WE'RE SAVED.

COME BACK THROUGH THE YEARS WITH ME AND I WILL TELL YOU A STORY OF TERROR AND DEATH ABOUT A PARTY OF COURAGEOUS FAMILIES THAT HAD SET OUT ON A TREK ACROSS THE CONTINENT TO SETTLE IN THE WEST - AND FIND GOLD. THEY HAD SEEN THEIR WAGONS AND SUPPLIES TAKEN FROM THEM AND EXPECTED TO DIE IN THE WILDERNESS. THEN, OUT OF THE SNOW-STORM, LIKE AN APPARITION, THERE APPEARED THEIR CARAVAN - WITH NO DRIVERS EXCEPT.. BUT THAT IS OUR STORY---

SETH ADAMS HAD PURCHASED THE LAST OF THE SUPPLIES FOR THE PARTY OF FORTY-NINERS. THEY WERE READY TO SET OUT THAT VERY DAY.

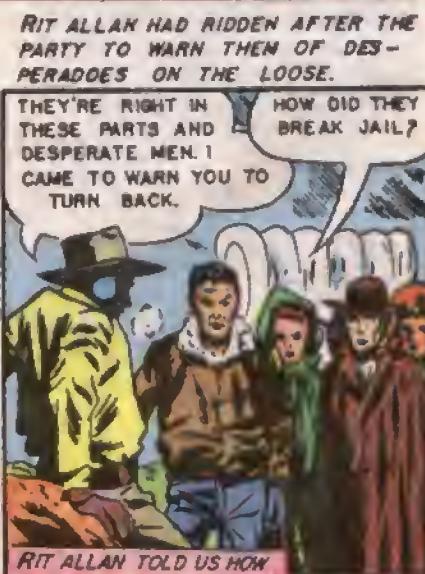
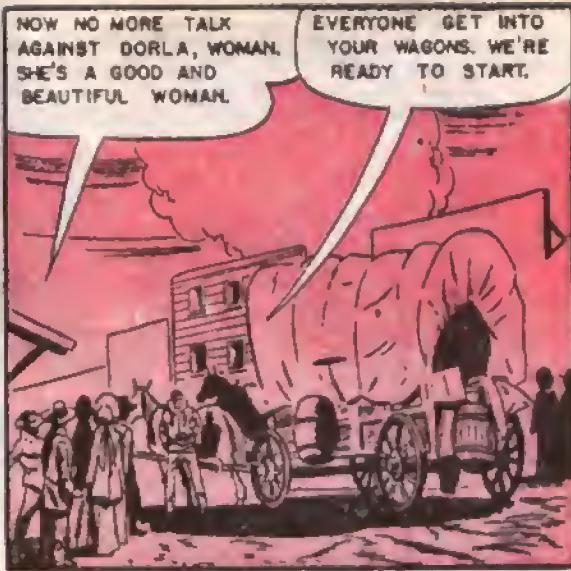
SETH, CALL OFF THE TRIP. THESE ARE DANGEROUS TIMES. THERE'S A GOOD FUTURE HERE.

WE'RE ALL SET TO GO, MR. GRIMES. WE WANT TO BEAT THE SNOW STORMS AND WE HAVE A GOOD PARTY. BESIDES...

DORLA AND I WANT TO GET MARRIED - WHEN WE REACH CALIFORNIA. I DON'T WANT TO DELAY A SINGLE DAY.

MY BOY, YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT DORLA. SHE ARRIVED HERE OUT OF NOWHERE, AS FAR AS WE KNOW.





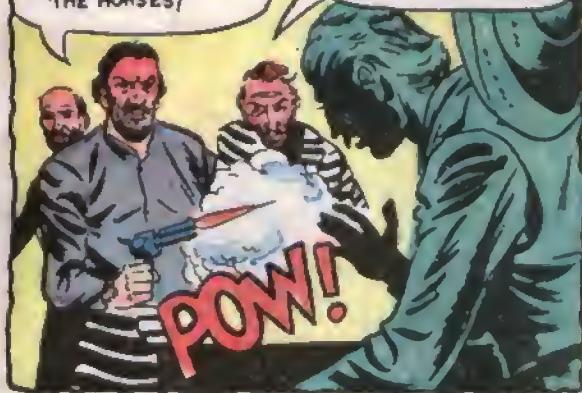
HUBBELL NIXON HAD CONCEALED A KNIFE AND HE STABBED THE GUARD WHEN HE BROUGHT IN HIS TRAY.



"SO THESE TEN DESPERADOES KILLED THE GUARD AND SHERIFF AND TOOK ALL THE GUNS AND ALL THE HORSES THEY COULD FIND..."

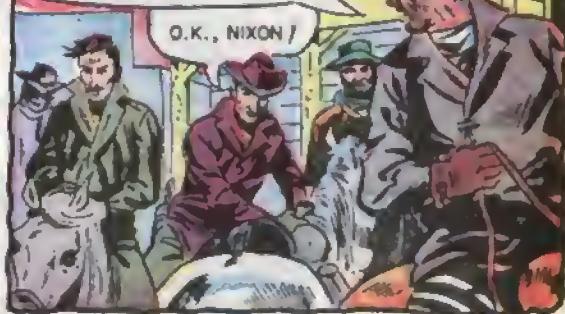
ONE OF YOU TAKE THE GUN OUT OF HIS HOLSTER. NOW FOR THE HORSES!

BUT WE'LL NEED WAGONS TO GET OVER THE MOUNTAINS.



"THEN THEY MOUNTED THE HORSES BELONGING TO THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN. THEY COULDN'T STOP FOR SUPPLIES-THERE WAS NO TIME-SO IF THEY CAME ACROSS THIS CARAVAN-WELL..."

WE'LL HEAD WEST. KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR WAGON TRAINS. WE NEED SUPPLIES.



I MUST GET BACK, FRIENDS. SINCE YOU WON'T TURN 'ROUND, BE ON YOUR GUARD. GOOD LUCK!

THANKS, RIT. THANKS FOR EVERYTHING. WE'LL BE CAREFUL.



THAT VERY NIGHT, DURING WATCH...



NIXON AND HIS GANG CAME UPON THE SLEEPING CAMP. THEY BURNED ONE WAGON AND COMMANDERED THE OTHERS...

BE QUIET, EVERYBODY AND WE WON'T HARM YOU!



DON'T BURN THE OTHER WAGONS. WE NEED THEM TO GET THROUGH AND FOR THE SUPPLIES.

O.K., NIXON!



YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! WE KNOW YOU MEN--
THE ESCAPED JAIL---
ARGGH!

THIS'LL SHUT
YOU UP,
MISTER!
NO MORE
BACK-TALK!

BLAM!

YOU SCUM--
LOOK OUT,
DORLA.

NO, SETH--
THEY'LL
KILL... OH
HHHHH!

ONE OF SETH'S MEN WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO
ARGUE. NIXON STARTED SHOOTING--DARLA
TRIED TO SAVE SETH...

WE'LL ALL DIE HERE
IN THE WILDERNESS!

OH SETH, SAVE US!
SAVE US!

THAT NIGHT DORLA DIED, AND AS THEY BURIED
HER THE SNOWS CAME.

GOOD BYE,
MY DARLING.

THE DESPERADOES WITH THEIR STOLEN CARAVAN
ARRIVED AT THE WHITE CAVES.

WELL, HOOK, WE'VE GOT
PLENTY OF SUPPLIES NOW.

RIGHT YOU
ARE, BOSS.

AS HOOK WENT IN SEARCH OF LOGS, HE WAS
STARTLED TO MEET A GIRL IN THE WOODS.

I GUESS THAT'S ENOUGH WOOD...
WHAT--WHAT! IT'S A GIRL--
ALONE OUT HERE IN THE COLD!

"HOOK"--WHOSE RIGHT HAND WAS AN
IRON HOOK--WAS SENT FOR WOOD...



AN HOUR LATER... A BLOOD-CURLING SCREAM RENT THE AIR.

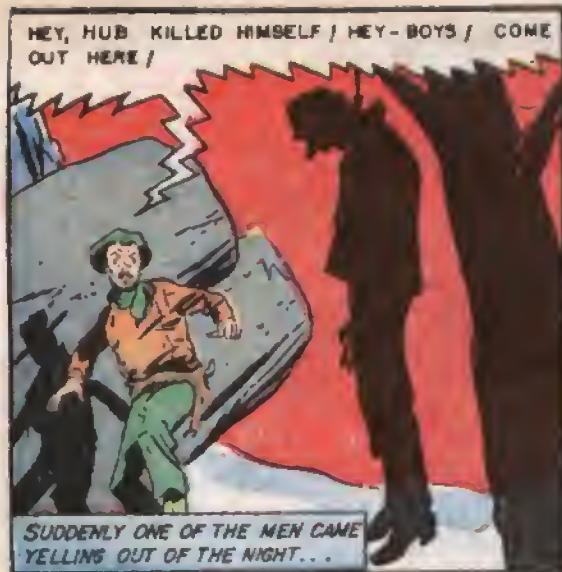
OUTSIDE THE CAVE, HOOK'S BODY IS FOUND— HIS OWN HOOK STICKING IN HIS THROAT.



COME ON, BABE. HOW ABOUT A KISS? YOUR FIRST BOY-FRIEND GOT COLD FEET. HA.HA.



HUB WAS THE NEXT TO TAKE DORLA AS HIS BOOTY...



AS RUS'S BULLETS SEEMED TO PASS THROUGH DORLA, THE DESPERADOES CRINGED IN FEAR.





IN THE THREE DAYS SINCE THE DESPERADOS STOLE THEIR CARAVAN, THE PARTY OF TRAVELERS HAD REACHED THE END OF HOPE.



SUDDENLY, SETH SEES THREE COVERED WAGONS APPROACHING THEM.



SETH - WHO - IS - THAT - DRIVING THE FIRST WAGON ? IT LOOKS LIKE DORLA. IT CAN'T BE... SHE'S DEAD !



IT IS DORLA. SHE'S BROUGHT BACK OUR WAGONS. WE'RE SAVED ! BUT... IT'S IMPDS...



SETH HASTENED TO CLIMB UP TO THE WAGON'S SEAT. THERE WAS NO ONE THERE. ALL THE WAGONS WERE EMPTY - EXCEPT FOR THE SUPPLIES AND...



IT'S DORLA'S CAPE ! BUT I BURIED HER IN IT... SHE SAID SHE WOULD COME BACK !



HAUNT OF THE ANCIENT CASTLES

SUPERSTITIONS AND BELIEFS... THAT WAS THE SUBJECT OF MY COLLEGE THESIS. MY STUDY HAD REVEALED TO ME STRANGE, AMAZING EVENTS... REPEATED THROUGHOUT HISTORY. I COULDN'T HELP THINKING: SUPERSTITIONS ARE BASED ON EVIL FACT! BUT WHERE DO THEY END... AND REALITY BEGIN? MY PROFESSOR, JOHN WYNNER, SCOFFED AT ME FOR BELIEVING IN MANY SUPERSTITIONS! HE REASONED WITH ME... AND THEN FELL IN LOVE WITH ME. BUT HIS WAS A LOVE OF TERROR AND DEATH...

NO! IT CAN'T BE...
VAMPIRES DON'T EXIST!
NOT YOU-YOU-EEAAA!

YES, YES, I HAVE COME
FOR YOUR SOFT SKIN AND
WARMTH OF LIFE!

Fleishman

I WAS POURING OVER ANCIENT LEGENDS AT THE COLLEGE MUSEUM WHEN PROF. JOHN WYNNER, MY TEACHER IN ANCIENT HISTORY CAME IN...

WORKING HARD, MISS CHERNY?

OH, PROF. WYNNER! THIS OLD BOOK IS FASCINATING ON THE SUBJECT OF ZOMBIES AND VAMPIRES... IT GOES WAY BACK!

PROF. WYNNER ALWAYS TRIED TO REASON ME OUT OF MY BELIEF THAT CERTAIN SUPERSTITIONS WERE FOUNDED ON ACTUAL REALITY. AND NOW...

MISS CH... OH, LET ME CALL YOU ARLETTA. IT SURPRISES ME THAT SO INTELLIGENT A STUDENT AS YOU COULD STILL BELIEVE IN SUCH FAIRY TALES!

PROF.... ALL RIGHT, THEN, JOHN... THE MORE I READ, THE MORE I AM CONVINCED THAT CERTAIN CREATURES EXISTED THAT COULD BE CALLED ZOMBIES AND VAMPIRES!



"LET ME TELL YOU THIS STORY, JOHN. IT GOES BACK MANY YEARS IN A CENTRAL EUROPEAN COUNTRY. A YOUNG BRIDE RAN UPSTAIRS TO CHANGE INTO TRAVELING CLOTHES..."

I WON'T BE LONG, DEAR HUSBAND... BELOVED, I'LL BE WAITING!



"THE GROOM FOUND HIS DEAD BRIDE STRANGELY WHITE... AS THOUGH ALL HER BLOOD HAD BEEN DRAINED... YET THERE WAS NO TRACE OF A WOUND - EXCEPT A PIN-PRICK IN HER NECK..."

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A VAMPIRE! THERE, SEE? A BAT!



"THEY FOUND A RING ON THE FLOOR. IT BELONGED TO A MAN NAMED SASHA... THEN A BABY IN A CRADLE DIED...."

MY BABY!... YES, DRAINED OF BLOOD... BUT IT... AND SASHA'S IS DEAD! AT LEAST JOHANN IS SAFE!

A VAMPIRE DID IT... AND SASHA'S WALLET IS HERE! YES, JOHANN WILL AVENGE HIS SISTER! I CURSE THEM!



"BUT AT THE TIME, SASHA WAS MANY MILES AWAY, IN A HOSPITAL... EXPLAIN THAT JOHN..."

YES, SASHA, YOU HAVE BEEN IN A TRANCE... YOU WERE VERY SICK!

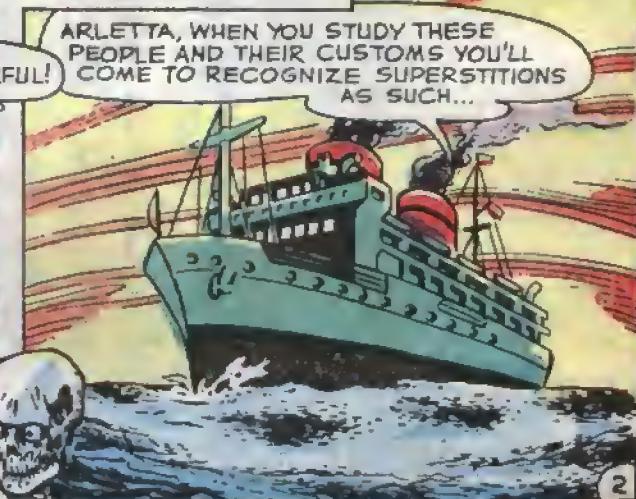


IT'S JUST A FABLE, ARLETTA, SAY YOU KNOW. WE'RE LEAVING ON THE STUDENT EUROPEAN TOUR NEXT WEEK. WHY NOT COME WITH US? THAT'S WHERE THOSE STORIES COME FROM...



SOON I WAS ON MY WAY TO EUROPE WITH THE STUDENT GROUP...

ARLETTA, WHEN YOU STUDY THESE PEOPLE AND THEIR CUSTOMS YOU'LL COME TO RECOGNIZE SUPERSTITIONS AS SUCH...





I...I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, JOHN...THAT BAT AND THAT OLD WOMAN...LET'S GO BACK!

NO, THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR. LET'S EXPLORE THIS OLD PLACE.



P... PLEASE H...HOLD JUST INSECTS. MY HAND, JOHN...OHH, ARLETTA, NO ONE'S DISTURBED THEM FOR A LONG TIME...



THIS MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL ROOM... WHAT'S THAT BOOK?

LET'S LOOK...



IT WAS A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM... I HAD A SHOCK WHEN I OPENED IT...

JOHN, JOHN! THIS IS AMAZING! MY FAMILY NAME IN THIS PICTURE ALBUM... CHERNY!

HOW DID IT GET HERE? WEREN'T YOU BORN IN AMERICA?



IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE! EAGERLY, WE LOOKED THROUGH THE ALBUM. IT WAS AMAZINGLY AND DEFINITELY... MY FAMILY'S!

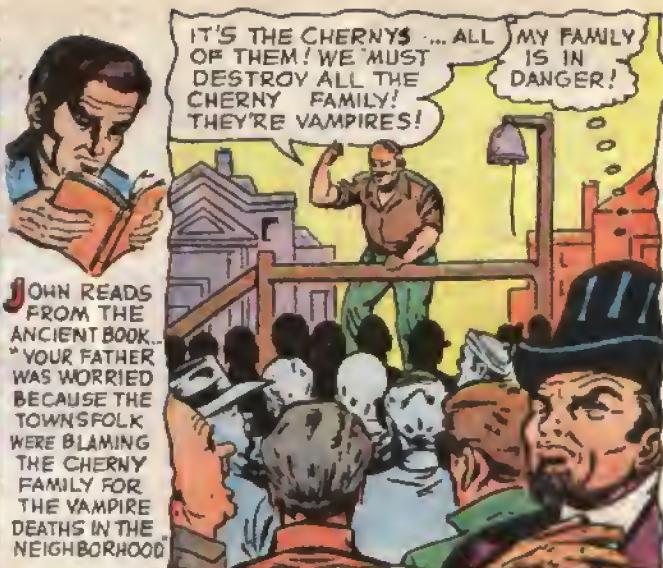
LOOK, JOHN! HERE'S ME AS A BABY TWO YEARS OLD! 1933! "ARLETTA CHERNY BORN 1931!" I THOUGHT I WAS BORN IN NEW YORK!

WONDER WHY YOUR PARENTS CONCEALED FROM YOU YOUR NATIVE LAND!



THOSE PAPERS THERE... MAYBE WE'LL LEARN SOMETHING... I'LL LOOK AT THEM...





I WAS STUNNED BY THIS HISTORY OF THE CHERNYS. ALL THIS WAS A COMPLETE SURPRISE TO ME AND WHAT WOULD JOHN THINK?



JOHN, IT'S THE SAME STORY I READ IN AMERICA!! -- AND MY FATHER'S NAME WAS ALSO SASHA...

DARLING - THAT'S SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE! I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU, DARLING... THINK ONLY OF THAT.

-- HOW COULD YOU? BUT MY FATHER SAID IT WAS ANOTHER FAMILY - THE VINQUOS!

REALLY, DEAR! FORGET THIS EUROPEAN SUPERSTITION... THIS IS TODAY!

RIDING BACK TO THE INN I FELT HAPPIER KNOWING THAT JOHN LOVED ME. WE MET THE OTHER STUDENTS. AS USUAL THEY MOCKED ME.

HI, ARLETTA, MEET FAY, THE JEST'S ANY VAMPIRES IN TORLIA CASTLE?

I'LL TELL FAY, THE JEST'S GONE FAR ENOUGH!

REALLY, PROFESSOR... HOW COULD YOU TAKE ARLETTA ON OUR TOUR... SHE'S SO FULL OF SUPERSTITION... SHE AND HER VAMPIRES!

IS IT A SUPERSTITION THAT GIRLS ARE CATS FAY?

AS WE DISMOUNTED OUR BICYCLES AT THE INN, I WAS STARTLED TO HEAR THE NAME OF "VINQUO" UTTERED BY FAY. MY MOTHER HAD SAID IT WAS THE VINQUO FAMILY THAT WERE VAMPIRES!

YOU KNOW, PROFESSOR WYNNER, WE WENT TO AN OLD CASTLE CALLED VINQUO. THAT WAS A WEIRD PLACE. THAT WOULD BE A GOOD PLACE TO BRING ARLETTA!

FAY, YOUR CONTINUOUS JESTS WILL ONLY BRING YOU TROUBLE!

GOODNIGHT, ARLETTA. DON'T LET THE VAMPIRES GET YOU!

CAN'T YOU EVER STOP TEASING, FAY!

SWEET DREAMS, ARLETTA. REMEMBER - IN TWO DAYS WE RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES!

YES, JOHN, DEAR...

THAT NIGHT WE HEARD A HORRIBLE SHRIEK. MY BLOOD FROZE! I RAN INTO THE HALLWAY...

HELP!
ARRGH!

WHAT'S THAT?
WHO'S SCREAMING?

STAY BACK, EVERYONE! HER NECK-FAY IS DEAD! THERE'S THAT NO EVIDENCE... PIN-PRICK...! PERHAPS A HEART ATTACK...

LIKE A VAM...

I STARTED TO SAY "A VAMPIRE'S BITE" BUT I KNEW THEY'D ALL MOCK ME FOR MY SUPERSTITIONS. YET SHE WAS DRAINED OF BLOOD... AND THAT SMALL PINPOINT ON HER NECK!

I HIRED A CALASH TO GO TO THE CASTLE OF THE VINQUO FAMILY. I FELT I MUST FIND OUT. JOHN SAW ME LEAVING AND FOLLOWED ME.

BUT, ARLETTA, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOUR PLAN?

I WAS AFRAID, JOHN, I WOULD BE BLAMED FOR FAY'S DEATH!



PERHAPS I CAME TO THIS CASTLE TO TRY TO PROVE IT WAS THE VINQUO FAMILY-NOT MINE-THAT DESERVED THE NAME OF "VAMPIRE." THEN, ON THE DOORWAY, WE SAW THE PLAQUE....



OH, NO! NO!

FAMILY OF VINQUO MEANS TO CONQUER... IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA CALLED WYNNE. LAST OF LINE JOHANN EMIGRATED.

JOHN WAS SILENT AS WE WENT INTO THE CASTLE... I WAS AFRAID... I WANTED TO RUN AWAY! BUT... JOHN-WAS-CHANGING INTO-A-VAMPIRE!!

NOW - I KNOW THE TRUTH! NO/NO! YES, I AM THE VAMPIRE! IT CAN'T BE! THE LITTLE VINQUO, JOHANN, SWORN TO TAKE REVENGE!



BUT IT WAS TRUE....

ARRRGH... JOHN



WHEN THE POLICE CAME...

LOOK! LOOK! SHE'S DYING.. DRAINED OF BLOOD! THAT BAT, IT'S THE CURSE OF VINQUO FULFILLED!



THE END

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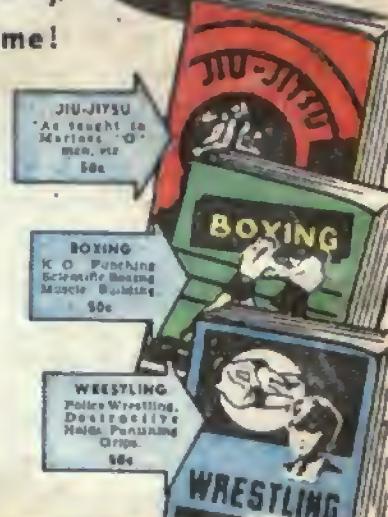
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GHST OF THE GOLDEN SLIPPER

By ELLEN LYNN

SUPERNATURAL people and mountain climbers both like silent places. And this day the mountain peaks were almost hidden by caps of silent clouds. Henry Gorcey and his family were not thinking of ghosts however as they drove up to the picturesque Inn in the famous mountain climbing resort of Ranee. Three hearts were throbbing with excitement and anticipation at the prospect of climbing to those seemingly impossible summits—Ellen, his wife, and the ten-year-old Susan—and Henry himself. There was a happy and warm welcome for them at the very entrance for the proprietor of the Half-Way House was Henry's long-time friend, Peter Milano. Together both men had climbed some of the most difficult mountains in the Alps and it had been six years since they had seen each other.

Early the next morning a small climbing party stood outside the Inn ready for the climb. It was another cloudy day, with a cold sun trying hard to penetrate the heavy mists. Every so often it succeeded in bursting through in a blaze of gold, only to be quickly subdued by the persistent cloak of fog. Susan was bobbing around impatient to get started. Her mother had objected to her accompanying the party, but father had overridden the objections, happy that his child had acquired his zest for the exhilarating sport of mountain-climbing.

"She'll go as far as she can," he reassured Ellen. "Then one of the men will go back with her. Perhaps you, too?" Henry teased his wife.

At the top of the mountain—Henry gazed with pride at his daughter, Susan. She had made the top! Ellen and he exchanged happy glances. Susan's eyes were round as saucers as she watched the awesome splendor of the panorama stretched out below this great height. But a sudden chill overcast the gay mood of the party. Tragedy had struck a ghostly blow.

The period of rest was over and all were preparing to start on the downward climb.

"Henry, where's Susan?" Ellen's question was casual.

"Oh—she must have wandered off a bit—" the reply was just as casual.

But there was little area in which to wonder and soon a bustle of panic pervaded the air. With the whole countryside spread out wide open to their eyes not a sign of young Susan could be detected by anyone. Hysterically—on the top of her lungs—the frantic mother yelled—"S-u-s-a-n! Yooooo. . . . Answer me—Susan!"

Then Henry added the full strength of his voice—and one by one the whole party joined in the yelling. But only their weird echoes answered back. No one could say how the dis-

troult party reached the bottom—without Susan. Ellen had almost to be carried the whole way. Henry and the others frantically searched every inch of the way down. Susan had disappeared as though into thin air—with no outcry, no clue. It was night when the exhausted, heartbroken group reached the Inn. Peter Milano had become alarmed at the continued absence of the party and was about to organize a search when they straggled in. At once he knew something terrible had happened and was told the story of the strange disappearance of Susan.

Softly he spoke to his friend, Henry. "We'll get every person in this village to help us find Susan. Meanwhile, have no fear. She's old enough to protect herself till we reach her. We'll find her, be sure of that."

Throughout the night people holding flares were scouring the mountain side. It was at dawn that a boy came running and shouting—"A girl's hat—is this hers?" It was Susan's and had been found at the foot of the mountain! She had disappeared at the very top. Peter and Henry set out to climb up again—from the spot where the hat was found. They were gone twenty minutes when they both halted abruptly, ears cocked. There was a crackling of twigs—footsteps—and in front of their amazed eyes came Susan. Her clothes were torn, bedraggled, her face dirty—but she wore a happy smile and rushed joyfully into the arms of her father. As the elated group hurried downward, Susan told them that she had been getting the views at the summit of the mountain and had walked all around the edge to see the picture from every side when her foot slipped on a loose rock and before she could make an outcry she found herself falling, falling.

"Oh, daddy, I was frightened—my head felt dizzy—I wanted to cry," Susan was telling her tale. "And then as I was falling—a hand took hold of mine. It was a lady—she was smiling down at me and I stopped falling. She was beautiful. She took me into a cave and told me we'd better stay there overnight, and that she would get me home safely in the morning. We ate nuts and fruits for supper, daddy—and this morning she showed me a path that led down toward the Inn. She had beautiful golden hair. I asked her where she was going and"

During this tale, Henry and Peter exchanged glances of incredulity and then amusement. Henry whispered to Peter, "She must have struck her head and imagined the whole thing. I'll have a doctor look at her as soon as we get down."

"But, daddy—don't you believe about the lady?" Susan had overheard and was indignant. "Well, she gave me a slipper—a gold slipper—so that I

wouldn't forget her

"Yes, dear," her father patiently answered. "And did you drop the slipper?"

Susan groped in the large knapsack pocket of her jacket—and pulled out a lady's gold slipper!

They were now at the bottom and the crowds of searchers came rushing to meet them with shouts and cries. Susan was lifted to the shoulders of the happy people and Henry hurried to his wife. When he came downstairs he saw Peter preparing to start another climb. "But, Peter, are you mad? Why are you going up again?"

"I am going to look for Jeanine. The girl Susan described was my fiance. I want to ask Susan to show me the path to the cave—you won't mind will you?" Peter spoke with a quiet intensity.

"Susan was just imagining the whole thing, Peter," Henry insisted. "She must have found that old slipper and her confused mind built up an imaginative story." Henry saw that Peter was unconvinced. "What happened to Jeanine?" Henry asked.

"Jeanine and I were going to be married and we had a party here at the Inn. She wanted to be alone awhile. By the time the guests had left I noticed Jeanine was missing. She had disappeared. She was wearing golden slippers—like the one Susan brought back. I never stopped searching for her. No trace has ever been found. I—I've even looked for—for—her remains. Now—Susan has seen her! Let Susan lead me to the path! I must go!"

Henry had to say yes to his friend. There was a desperate look in his eyes:

"Susan should have rest, Peter," Henry said. "But we'll go to the start of the path then I'll have to take her back—you'll have to go on alone." He agreed.

Susan was delighted with her new importance. She led the way for her father and Peter, who followed in unusual silence. Only once he exclaimed—"I've never seen this path before! I've been over this ground hundreds of times but . . ." There was a narrow, winding path clearly marked. Henry began to feel the strangeness of the moment and the situation. What had his Susan stumbled into?

"We'll leave you here, Peter," Henry said. And he and Susan stood watching the hurrying figure of his friend, almost running along the upward path, until he disappeared behind a boulder.

Peter's last words were, "I'll be home tomorrow morning—and I'll bring Jeanine or whatever Susan saw."

Even Susan, young as she was, remained silent. Then she said—"Daddy, Mr. Milano is acting—sort of—strange. But I really did see the lady—and she was kind and beautiful. I showed you the golden slipper, daddy."

"Are you sure you didn't pick it up in the cave you went to?" her father asked.

"Of course, I'm sure, daddy," Susan insisted. "You wait and see—Mr. Milano will find his sweet-

heart and bring her back to the Inn. She'll tell you all about it."

There was a big party that night for Susan and a proud and tired little girl went to bed with the music still playing and coming through the slightly opened door of her room. Henry and Ellen tucked their daughter in tenderly and went into their own adjoining room. "Something's wrong," Ellen observed. "What is it, Henry? Are you worried about Peter?"

"Yes, dear, I am." Henry replied. "I thought he had gotten over his loss of Jeanine but this story of Susan's—and her finding that golden slipper—well, he isn't acting—normal."

"Why isn't he? Wouldn't you want to pursue any possible lead—even if it does sound fantastic?" Ellen argued. "He simply wants to eliminate every clue to her whereabouts. After he returns tomorrow he'll resume his normal life, you'll see."

Henry sat thinking a while, then—"Peter was amazed to find the path that Susan led us to. He knows the whole terrain as we know the street we live on. He had never before seen that path!"

Peter had not returned by noon the next day. Henry waited impatiently as the hours passed. By nightfall he started to gather a searching party to go after Peter.

"You're all tired, I know. We've just gotten over one search—for Susan—and now we're starting on another. But, frankly, I'm worried about Peter. If you think I'm foolish—well, I'll set out by myself in the morning." They all decided to go with him.

It was difficult for Henry to find the path again but, he did. There had been a stone slide which almost concealed it, and the men had to pull away rocks and debris in order to continue along the route. But, finally, a large cave near the top loomed in front of him. Henry called out—"Peter—Peter—" and the party hurried into the cave. It was empty. They went outside again, calling their friend. They scattered over a wide area, looking for footprints, or other clues, but there was no sign of the missing man.

The discouraged group gathered again in front of the cave. "It's no use," one said, "there's no sign of Peter."

"Let's search the cave more thoroughly," Henry urged. "We'll use all our flashlights. He may have been here and dropped something—after all he headed for the cave and must have gone in."

The men began a search of the cave. "My God!" one of them ejaculated. Everyone rushed toward him. He was holding up one of Peter's hiking shoes—his initials printed in the lining! Without a word they set to searching the cave again. A creaking sound broke the silence. Their bodies tense, the men turned as one man in the direction of the sound. A heavy door of rock seemed to be swinging open. Cautiously they made their way toward it—and looked inside. There on the ground was the dead body of Peter Milano and in his arms a—skeleton. And over one bony foot was—a lady's golden slipper!

EVER-ONE'S LIFE IS MEASURED!! YES FATE AND DEATH KNOW THE MINUTES LEFT TO YOUR LIFE AND MINE.....STILL WHEN TOD GRESHAM DRAGGED HIMSELF PAINFULLY TO THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE LOOKING FOR HELP, HE WAS HORRIFIED TO FIND THE BODY OF HIS FRIEND, HARRY BAYNE, DANGLING FROM A HANGMAN'S NOOSE....AND MARA HIS SWEETHEART, BECKONING TO HIM. YES, THE TIME HAD COME, HOW?....WHY?....HE WONDERED IN TERROR. BUT, NOT FOR LONG.....NOT FOR LONG.....

IF THE NOOSE FITS-WEAR IT!



ON A VISIT TO GARRETT'S WAX-WORKS MUSEUM, HARRY BAYNE WAS STRUCK BY THE HANGING WITCH ON THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE, WHILE TOD GRESHAM'S EYE WAS CAUGHT BY THE BEAUTY OF A STRANGE GIRL....

TOD-LOOK-THIS IS QUITE INTERESTING-
THE BODY WAS JUST EXHUMED A WEEK AGO...

THAT GIRL
IN THIS
PLACE, HOW
BEAUTIFUL
SHE IS.



WON'T YOU TELL US
THE STORY OF
THIS FIGURE?...
YES, GENTLE-
MEN, THERE'S A
FASCINATING
STORY CONCERNING
THIS FIGURE-



ELSA AND HER FRIEND HAD BEEN WALKING THROU-
-GH THE WOODS--WHEN SUDDENLY AN OLD CRONE
OF THE VILLAGE, JENNY HARRIS, APPEARED WAVING
A STICK AT THEM. ELSA, HER RED HAIR FLOWING
DOWN HER BACK, IMMEDIATELY DISAPPEARED.
INSTEAD, WHERE SHE WAS, HER FRIEND KAREN SAW
ONLY A RED FOX.

HELP, HELP! JENNY'S
DONE EVIL TO ELSA--
SHE'S BEWITCHED
HER....

STUPID GIRL! WISH I COULD BE-
WITCH YOU AND ALL THOSE
VILLAGERS....



AND THIS COURT DECREES THAT JENNY HARRIS, FOR UN-LAWFULLY PRACTICING WITCHCRAFT AND CAUSING THE DIS-APPEARANCE OF ELSA VENNING--SHALL THIS DAY HANG
BY THE HANGMANS NOOSE AS DECREED FOR WITCHES...

EEEEEH...
AIEEEE...



AND SO THE WITCH WAS
HUNG THREE HUNDRED YEARS
AGO. WE NOW HAVE THIS BODY,
RECENTLY EXHUMED, WITH
THE ORIGINAL HANGMANS
NOOSE....

OF COURSE LATER KAREN
WAS FOUND!!



WE NOW SELL MINIATURE NOOSES
MADE OF THE ORIGINAL ROPE
TO COLLECTORS OF CURIOS...

WE WOULD
LOVE THEM!

NO-NO DO NOT
BUY THEM! FORGIVE
ME FOR INTERFERING
BUT THEY BELONG
TO THE DEAD.



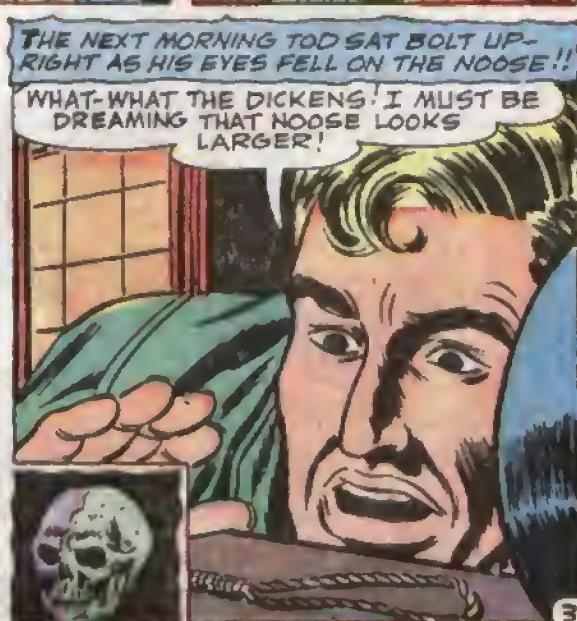
BOTH TOD AND HARRY LAUGH
ED AT THE SHOCKED YOUNG
LADY AND BOUGHT THE GRISLY
SOUVENIR NOOSES.... TOD
BECAME FRIENDLY WITH THE
GIRL AND ASKED TO TAKE
HER HOME.

CALL YOU
TOMORROW,

RIGHT, HARRY!
I'M DELIGHTED
YOU SPOKE TO
US MISS.

I COULDN'T
HELP MYSELF...
TOD, MY NAME
IS MARA.





I'LL PUT THIS BOOK NEXT
TO IT AS A MEASUREMENT.



THAT NIGHT WHEN HE RETURNED HOME THE NOOSE HAD UNMISTAKABLY GROWN LARGER.

OH, NO! IT CAN'T BE -
OR AM I STILL IMAGINING ?!



TOD CALLED HARRY....

I DIDN'T LOOK AT MINE.
IT MUST JUST BE A
TRICK!!

I MUST BE WRONG,
HARRY...GETTING
SUPERSTITIOUS I
GUESS!



LET ME GET YOU OUT OF SIGHT....
IT'S MARA I WANT TO THINK
OF ANY WAY!



THE NEXT WEEK MARA FAILED TO
KEEP HER PROMISED DATE. AND
WHEN TOD CALLED FOR HER....

NO, MISS LESTER
IS NOT IN!!

THAT'S ODD,
I HAD A DATE
WITH HER.



BUT MISS LESTER ALWAYS KEEPS
HER APPOINTMENTS AND ON TIME
TOO. YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!

MAYBE I DO HAVE
THE WRONG TIME!



THAT NIGHT, WHEN HE REACHED HOME,
TOD FELT IMPELLED TO LOOK AT
THE NOOSE...

I'LL LOOK AT IT
AGAIN, AT LEAST IT WILL
REMIND ME OF MARA-
OH NO! NO! WHAT'S
THAT?

GREAT GUNS! I'M
NOT DREAMING
NOW.....

THE KNOT NOW
HAD A
MEDALLION!!



HARRY, I'M PANICKY NOW.
YEST YOURS IS LARGER TOO?
AND HAS YOUR NAME ON IT?
LET'S GET AWAY...EVEN IF
IT IS ONLY A TRICK.

I LEFT THE THING
IN MY ROOM....

I DID TOO--IT'S
STILL ON THE
HOOK IN MY
CLOSET....
WH....WHAT'S
THAT? A BLOWOUT!!

THEN AS TOD REPAIRED THE TIRE,
SOMETHING MADE HIM LOOK
UP--HE SAW A CAR SUDDENLY
SWISH BY, KNOCKING HARRY
BACKWARD OVER THE EDGE
OF THE STEEP CLIFF....



ONE GOOD OMEN, ANYWAY....A
HOUSE! I'LL ASK TO USE THEIR
PHONE FOR GAS...AND HELP!



TOD'S NERVOUS TENSION MOUNTED
HIGHER AND HIGHER, THEN HE
STUMBLED....

OOOOOH! MY
ANKLE.



HIS ANKLE INJURED-IN GREAT
AGONY TOD DRAGGED HIMSELF
DESPERATELY TOWARD THE
HOUSE.

I MUST MAKE THAT
HOUSE. I MUST GET
HELP. OOOOH!



COME IN TOD. I'VE
BEEN EXPECTING
YOU....

MARA DARLING...YOU! HOW DID
YOU GET HERE? I TRIED TO REACH
YOU BEFORE I LEFT...OOOH
MY ANKLE!



MARA-CALL A DOCTOR AT ONCE.
I THINK MY ANKLE IS BROKEN.

DON'T WORRY, TOD.
THE PAIN WILL BE
OVER SOON.



COME WITH ME, TOD.
I'LL MAKE YOU
COMFORTABLE!!

BUT-ALL-THES-
STAIRS....WHERE?....





CANNIBAL'S REVENGE

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES ALL BUT A VERY FEW PEOPLE HAVE HAD ONE TABOO IN COMMON... THE BLOODY ORGIES OF BABYLON AND ROME... THE HIDEOUS SACRIFICES OF EGYPT AND YUCATAN, ALL STOPPED SHORT AT ONE THRESHOLD OF HORROR, AT WHICH EVEN MAD NERO AND RUTHLESS TAMERLANE SHUDDERED! SOMEHOW EVEN THE MOST VICIOUS MONSTERS HAVE REALIZED THAT THERE IS ONE CRIME MORE LOATHESOME THAN MURDER...



THE VOLCANIC ISLAND OF OHANAHNA... IN THE SOUTH SEAS... A NATIVE BOY LOVED A WHITE GIRL...

THAT'S HOW IT IS, IRENE, I'VE LOVED YOU SINCE WE WERE IN COLLEGE TOGETHER. I WANT YOU TO BE MY BRIDE...

I'M FOND OF YOU DUKE, YOU KNOW THAT, BUT-BUT I CAN'T ANSWER YET! YOU ARE OF A DIFFERENT RACE.

I SEE... YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT TO MARRY A KANAKA! A NATIVE! IS THAT IT? YOU THINK WE'RE NOT CIVILIZED.

OF COURSE NOT DUKE! YOU KNOW EVERYONE RESPECTS YOU! YOU'RE EDUCATED, CULTURED, SUCCESSFUL... BUT--



BUT STILL A NATIVE / BRUCE CLAYMOORE
REMINDDED ME OF THAT WHEN HE BLACK- / OH DUKE /
BALLED ME AT THE YACHT CLUB / KEPT WOULDNT /
ME FROM JOINING IN SPITE OF MY OWNING /
THE FASTEST SCHOONER IN THE ISLANDS /

OH DUKE / I DID / AND I'LL / BRUCE / YOU-
RESIGN BEFORE I'LL BELONG TO / YOU'VE BEEN
A CLUB THAT LETS IN A / EAVESDROPPING /
CANNIBAL /



I WON'T STAY / YOU MEAN YOU / THAT
AND LISTEN / TO ANOTHER / HEAR ABOUT / HAP-
OF YOUR / SILLI ARGU- / DUKE'S OLD / PENED
MENTS... I'LL / HAWAIIAN CUS- / BEFORE
WAIT FOR YOU / HE EVER / TOMS? HAS / MY GRAND
AT THE CAR, / TOLD YOU / FATHER WAS BORN
DUKE... / ABOUT / YOU JERK/
EATING
"LONG - PIG"

BUT NOT BEFORE YOUR GREAT GRAND- / WE WHITES ARE SUPERIOR / I
DAD'S TIME, EH? I UNDERSTAND OLD / WONT LET IRENE MARRY YOU.
CHIEF KANAHU ATE OVER 300 PEOPLE / YOU'RE NOT A GOD
BEFORE THE BRITISH GUNBOATS PUT / YOU'RE.. UGH
AN END TO HIS HIGH / CURSE YOU, CLAY-
PROTEIN DIET! / MOORE / YOU'VE AL-
WAYS TORMENTED ME
WITH YOUR "WHITE SUPER-
IORITY" -- IN MY LAND I'M
A CHIEF, A GOD.



WE WHITES ARE SUPERIOR / I
WONT LET IRENE MARRY YOU.
YOU'RE NOT A GOD
YOU'RE.. UGH
WHY YOU!

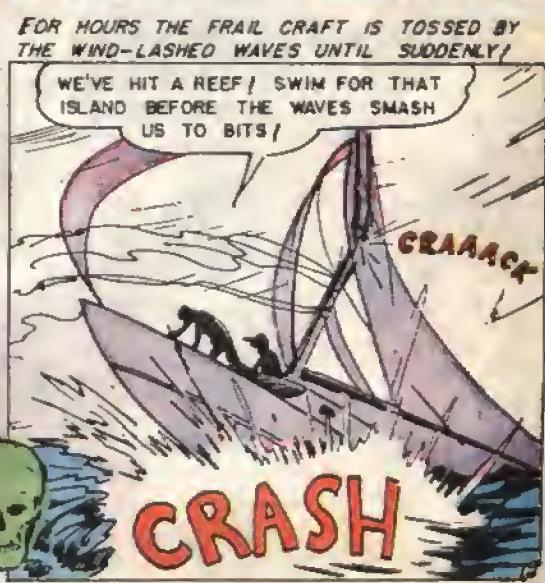
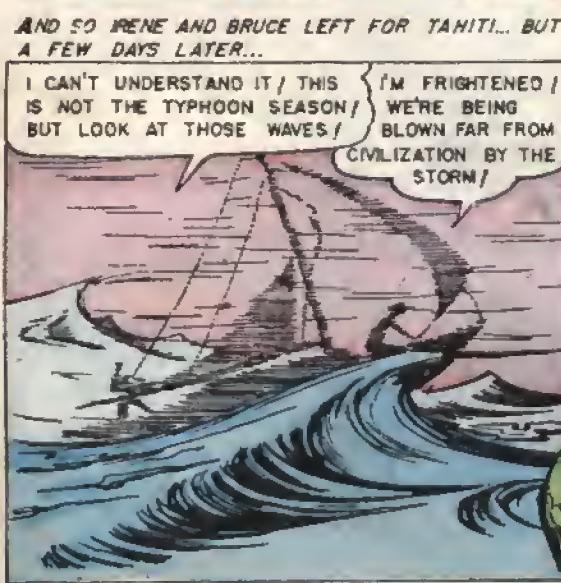


SAVAGELY THE TWO BITTER ENEMIES BATTLE INSANE-
LY ON THE EDGE OF THE LAVA-FILLED CRATER. SU-
DENLY, DUKE FELL, BUT GRABBED THE RAIL!

PULL ME UP / I CAN'T HOLD
ON MUCH LONGER! THE HEAT!
IT'S KILLING ME!

HMM... IF YOU
FELL INTO THAT
LAVA THEY'D NEVER
FIND A CINDER
OF YOU!





WHEN MORNING CAME THE STORM CLOUDS WERE
REPLACED BY THE BROILING TROPICAL SUN...

WATER --- I'M THIRSTY
BRUCE, AND HUNGRY!

HERE'S SOME RAIN WATER
THERE'S A BIG POOL OF
IT AMONG THE ROCKS -- BUT
NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING
TO EAT!

LATER...

WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME-
THING TO EAT... THERE MUST
BE SOMETHING / CLANS OR
FLOATING COCONUTS...

IT'S NO USE /
WE'VE LOOKED
OVER EVERY INCH
OF THIS BEACH /
THERE'S NOTHING
BUT SAND AND
ROCKS!



WE HAVE TO EXPLORE THE
WHOLE ISLAND AGAIN. YOU TAKE
ONE SIDE AND I'LL TAKE THE
OTHER / I'LL MEET YOU BACK
HERE.

FOUR HOURS LATER BRUCE RETURNS

IRENE'S BEEN GONE TOO LONG!
MAYBE SHE'S LOST --- I'D
BETTER LOOK FOR HER!

SUDDENLY SOME NATIVES
APPEARED...



BRUCE IS DRAGGED OVER A SAND DUNE AND SEES...

A NATIVE VILLAGE / BUT I
WAS HERE BEFORE AND
THE SPOT WAS DESERTED!

WELCOME, WHITE MAN/
VILLAGE OF KUMONA
HAPPY HAVE YOU VISIT
US!

THANK HEAVENS YOUR FRIENDLY!
I'M STARVING / GIVE ME SOME-
THING TO EAT / AND THERE'S A
GIRL WITH ME / HAVE YOU
SEEN HER?

COME BY
FIRE / I SEND
MY MEN FIND
GIRL.

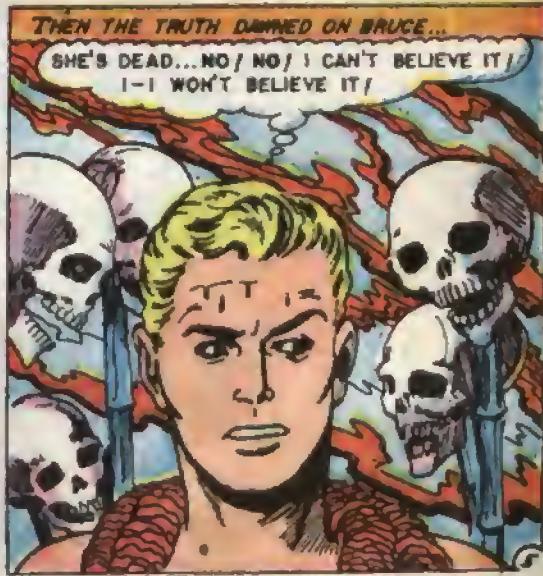


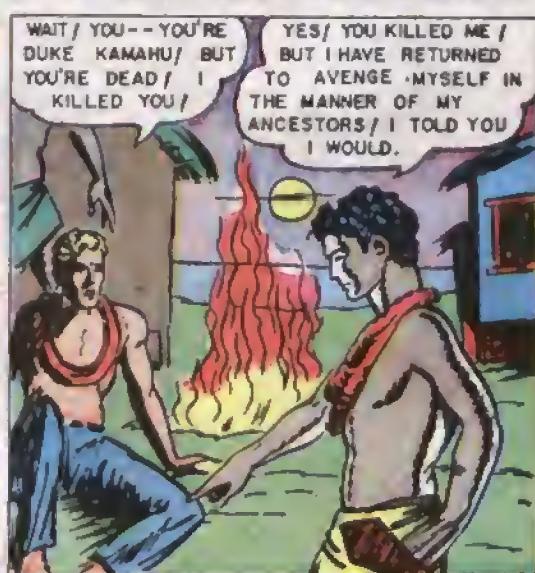
THOSE SKULLS... THESE NATIVES ARE HEADHUNTERS
... BUT I'M SO HUNGRY I DON'T CARE/ THEY SEEM
FRIENDLY ANYWAY/ GUESS THEY CAN RECOGNIZE
A CIVILIZED MAN.



LATE

THIS IS DELICIOUS FOOD, CHIEF
NO FEAR, SHE
BUT HAVEN'T YOU FOUND MY
JOIN YOU SOON.
FIANCÉE YET? THIS IS A
SMALL ISLAND.





I AM A CHIEF AND THE MAGIC OF MY TRIBE HAS RETURNED ME TO THE LAND OF MY ANCESTORS.... YES, THEY KILLED IRENE. I WOULD HAVE SAVED HER FOR MYSELF. PERHAPS IT IS BETTER SO.

MY PEOPLE THINK ME A GOD.. THE STORM, THIS ISLAND, THEY ARE NOT COINCIDENCES. YOU WERE BROUGHT TO ME. AND NOW YOU SHALL SUFFER. LET YOUR WHITE SUPERIORITY SAVE YOU NOW!



I CAN STILL FIGHT! BEHOLD! HE HAS STRUCK THE CHIEF!





— THE END —

She'll be your "Dream Girl"
You'll "bewitch" her with it



"DREAM GIRL" She'll look alluring, breathtaking, enticing, exotic . . . Just picture her in it . . . beautiful, fascinating SEE-THRU sheer. Naughty but nice . . . It's French Fashion Elegy . . . with peek-a-boo magic lace . . . Gorgeously transparent yet completely practical (washes like a dream . . . will not shrink). Hot lace waistline, lace shoulder straps and everything to make her love you for it. A charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion . . . In gorgeous Black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHION DEPT. 96,
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send me DREAM GIRL gown #1 \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

() I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save you the postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

() I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

32 34 36 38 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



Oriental Magic



Out of the pages of the Arabian Nights comes this glamorous sheer Harem pajama. She'll look beguiling, alluring, irresistible, enticing. She'll thrill to the sleek, clinging wispy appeal that they will give her. She'll love you for transplanting her to a dream world of adoration centuries old. Brief figure hugging top gives flattering appeal to its daring bare midriff. Doubled at the right places it's the perfect answer for hostess wear. Billowing sheer bottoms for rich luxurious lounging. She'll adore you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In wispy sheer black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

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Please send HEAVEN SENT gown #1 \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

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() I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

32 34 36 38 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



*Daring
Bare-back
She'll be
entranced
with it*



Your Dream Girl will be an exquisite vision of allure, charm, fascination and loveliness in this exotic, bewitching, daring, bare-back, slimy sheer gown. Its delicate, translucent fabric (washes like a dream) will not shrink. Paris at home, with this cleverly designed halter neck that ties or unties at the neck of a finger. Lavishly laced midriff and peek-a-boo bottom. She'll love you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In wispy sheer black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

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Please send BLACK SORCERY gown #1 \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

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() I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

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(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name _____

Address _____

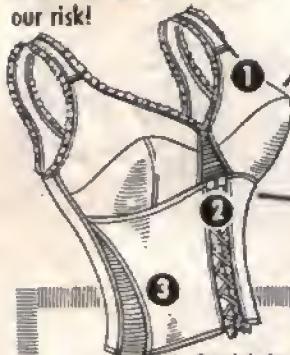
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How large bust women
can have a new shapely

breast loveliness . . . it's easy to look youthfully trim in your hide-a-away NU-YUTH Bra—developed by America's leading figure control experts—for a shapely, slenderized appearance that you thought was only a dream. And so comfortable! Don't risk a cent. Thrill with your NU-YUTH "appeal" look at our risk!



1. Special design control cups, for maximum support and youthful separation.
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10 DAYS
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SIZES 34 to 52

New HIDE AWAY Nu-Yuth BRA
Reduces Large Appearance in Seconds

Your NU-YUTH BRA is the result of a revolutionary new discovery in bra-design. Permits you to hide-a-way

the "extra" in both bosom and tummy . . . AND . . . it's just seconds for the change to a new world of attractiveness.

LOOK SLIMMER—YOUNGER—MORE ATTRACTIVE

Now Hide-A-Way your large bust troubles. Easy with NU-YUTH Bra to comfortably regulate your own size. Don't despair because of sagging, heavy, wide bust. Amazing new magic laced midriff adjusts to your own figure. Gives you Sweet Sixteen separation and firmness. Chafe-proof seams, bind-proof construction and extra comfort to super-corded pre-shrunk durable broadcloth.

Adjust NU-YUTH to CONTOUR *you want*

ORDER 2
AT LOW
Introductory
Price
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The S. J. Wegman Co., Dept. NY-712
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.
Send my "NU-YUTH" Bra by return mail. If I am not 100% delighted I'll send it back in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

How Many? _____ (2 for \$5.85)

Bust size _____ cup _____

Send C. O. D. I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus postage.
 Enclosed find \$2.98. S. J. Wegman Co. will pay postage.

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Try 20 Vials of World-Famous Perfumes
for only \$2.00



Make him say "YOU'RE LOVELIER THAN EVER." Don't miss this chance to make the man of your dreams lose his heart. Authentic Perfumes in each glass vial!

MOST AMAZING PERFUME OFFER EVER MADE

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Genuine Perfume
not colognes...not toilet waters

The manufacturers of these famous perfumes want to acquaint you with their product. This bargain offer is made so that you can try each one and then decide which better suits your personality. Naturally, all these wonderful perfumes are available at your local drug or department store in regular sizes at the nationally advertised prices.

As
Advertised
In



You get the opportunity to browse at leisure among 10 fragrances...

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Please send me the 20-vial perfume packet. I may return perfumes within 7 days for complete refund.

I enclose \$2.00 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid.
(I save up to 50¢ postage.)

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Send _____ packet at \$1.00, I enclose \$1.00.